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Northern Messenger

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

How Much Ought I to Give?

—'The Light of the World.'

'Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if to-morrow
Found you where giving was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His loving look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand the offering took.'

—Source Unknown.

An Operation.

A clergyman in a beautiful country village received a call one night from a parishioner. 'Will you go to Indianapolis for me?' he asked. 'We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see.'

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now a little lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having till now been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

'Go with my wife and Johnnie,' said the father. 'I cannot go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can fetch it.'

The minister went, and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not over confident, began his work, and till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said, 'That boy will see!'

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father, and the minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little lad, overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

'Johnnie,' said the minister, 'this is your mother?'

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried, 'O mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?'

It was indeed like a glimpse into heaven. 'I felt,' said the minister, 'as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly translated soul in its first sight of the face of our Heavenly Father.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Ride With the Deacon.

My deacon's name we will call Smith; he had also been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school; he could talk well and pray well. The deacon met me at the station with his 'one-horse shay;' we were to have a long ride over the prairie together; the only ears beside our own hearing the conversation were those belonging to 'old Neddy,' the horse, who continually turned his 'auricular appendages' toward us, seemingly very much interested in what we were saying. I venture the opening remark of our talk:

'So the elder has resigned.'

'Yes,' said the deacon, 'we couldn't raise enough money for him.'

'What's the trouble?'

'"We're all poor on this prairie."'

Just then we came to a farmer leaning over the fence. His question to the deacon was:

'What's wheat worth at the station to-day?'

'"Dollar and a quarter for number two,"' answered the deacon.

After a few questions concerning their stock, corn, oats, etc., the easy-going horse was exhorted to 'Get up.' Resuming our conversation, I asked:

'Have you a pretty good wheat crop this year, deacon?'

'Yes, a very fair crop, about twenty-five bushels to the acre.'

I then carefully put the question: 'You haven't used all your land for wheat, have you?'

'O, no, I put in sixty in wheat and the rest in oats and corn.' This occurred after last year's harvest.

I again carefully inquired: 'Are most of the members of your church farmers?' and quietly took my memorandum-book and pencil from my pocket.

'Yes, they are mostly farmers; there is Bro. C., who keeps the village store, and Bro. A., who owns the mill, and several others who are not farmers.'

I jotted down the deacon's sixty acres of wheat, with twenty-five bushels to the acre, and soon figured the amount of money the old gentleman would receive for his wheat alone, and found it amounted to $1,875. I then asked the deacon if he knew about how many acres of wheat his neighbors had, and learned that Bro. D. had eighty, Bro. E. seventy-five, Bro. F. one hundred, Bro. G. sixty,

Bro. H. ninety, Bro. I. one hundred and twenty, Bro. J. seventy-five, Bro. K. eighty, Bro. L. sixty.

'Is that a high or low estimate?' I asked, shutting up my book and placing it in my pocket.

'Well, I think I am safe in saying it is about right, but,' added the deacon, 'tell me what you put down those figures for in that little book you've just hid away in your pocket.'

'O,' I replied, 'I am just getting a few notes for my sermon to-morrow.'

'That answer isn't one bit satisfactory. Now I want you to tell me what you wanted those figures for.'

I said, 'Just wait a minute, deacon, and tell me who gave the sunshine and rain and such favorable weather for the wheat crop!'

'Why, the Giver of all good things, of course,' replied the deacon.'

'Well, deacon, do you know what the promise is that secures well-filled barns?'

He could not 'call it to mind just then.'

Opening my Bible to the third chapter of Proverbs and ninth verse I read as emphatically as I could, 'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the "first-fruits" of all thine increase; "so" shall thy barns be filled;' and quietly asked, 'Deacon, do you know the Lord has many children who read that "last fruits"?'

No answer was given. After a little meditation the old gentleman asked, 'Well, how much ought a Christian to give, anyway?'

I said to the good man: 'Suppose when I reach your house I take ten oranges from my satchel and say to your youngest daughter, "Here, Edna, are ten oranges. I want you to give me one back." Now what would you say if Edna refused to give me the one orange?'

'Why, I'd whip her if she didn't come straigat to you and give you the largest one of all.

'Well, now, deacon, do you think our Father has any children who need to be "whipped" for not giving him at least "one-tenth" of all he gives them in this world?'

'It does seem as if every child of God ought to be willing to give at least a tenth, but "they wont do it,"' and the good man said the closing words with truthful emphasis.

'Now, deacon, I'll tell you why I put down those figures you so willingly gave concerning the wheat crop of your so-called poverty-stricken church;' and took my memorandum book from my pocket. 'I have asked nothing about the crops of corn, oats, potatoes, nor of the stock raised by these ten members of your church. Let the profits on them pay all the expenses of raising the wheat-crop, though you see that step is robbing the Lord of the "first-fruits." The number of acres of wheat planted by these ten members is eight hundred. You say the average number of bushels to the acre is at least twenty-five; that makes twenty thousand bushels, and the price of wheat at the station to which this wheat will be hauled in the next two weeks is one dollar and twenty-five cents, with a prospect of going higher. Now, that makes the amount of money which will come into the possession of these ten members, the nice little sum of "twenty-five thousand dollars"; and if they paid the Lord his tenth your treasury would have in it twenty-five hundred dollars with which to pay a number-one pastor and make liberal contributions to all our benevolent societies.'

'Old Neddy' turned into the roadway leading up to the well-managed farm of the deacon, who remarked as he took my satchel out of the 'shay:'

'Figures are awful stubborn things, and your mathematical calculation shows very plainly that we are not so poor as we like to make ourselves out to be sometimes. But let us go in and see if wife has that big pitcher of milk ready for the Sunday-school missionary.'—'Standard.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Waiting.

I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
For the Lord to hear my cry;
I have cast my burden wholly
At His feet; there let it lie.
I will not chafe and worry,
I will believe His Word;
I'll work and do my duty,
For I know my prayer is heard.

When He answers I will tell thee,
So that thou canst trust Him too.
He has heard and answered ever,
What He whispers I will do.
It may be long in coming,
But He knoweth what I need,
And He ne'er forgets, no, never!
He will, He will give heed.

I could never, never trust Him
If He did not give me grace.
I never could believe Him,
I could never see His face,
If my faith was not all founded
On the grace that set me free.
Saviour, Father, Holy Spirit,
I trust, trust, trust in Thee.

—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL ON PROSPECTS AND PLANS.

The year having come to an end, Mr. Editor, I am venturing for the sake of those interested in our work to report to you a few of its closing events, as it is affecting our work in Labrador. As we believe there is no real reason to regret issues that are beyond our control, our only grievance is that there is nothing to complain of. The price of fish has fallen greatly, and that has impoverished not a little the earning capacity of our fishermen; they have received for their year's catch, which was larger in bulk than last year, no less than $3,000,000 less. Naturally, this greatly curtails their purchasing powers, and as the nature of their calling necessitates their living closely, anyhow, this will involve a good deal of hardship this winter. The main trouble with us is that they say so little of it; we often only first discover the straits it has reduced some of our 'larger families' to when the children are themselves showing it in their faces. The boisterous gales of the late fall and the early onset of the winter frost have made things go unusually hard even with some of our own workers. The schooner 'Lorna Doone,' leaving with supplies for two of our Labrador stations, at Battle Hospital, and the new nursing station at Forteau, ran into a heavy easterly gale off Cape Sable. The seas proverbially bad, the phenominal tide off the mouth of the Gulf of Fundy are of anything up to sixty feet causing nasty overfalls that are very dangerous to small vessels. While the little craft was running nicely under a three-reefed foresail, a steeper mountain of water than usual fell right over her, and washed the captain, my colleague of many years, over the lee rail. It is no child's play 'heaving a vessel to' with a free board of only three feet, but the mate from whose side the skipper was washed did so intuitively, receiving the full force of the following sea for his pains, which swept the schooner fore and aft. But beyond hearing one wild cry for a life belt, nothing more was known of our good friend's fate, and the staff of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen paid its twenty-fifth tribute of life to the insatiable waters. The mate, a youngster, who had never before been called on to command, safely worked the craft into Sydney harbor in Cape Breton. Another of our captains was sent over to take charge, and the voyage was continued into the face of the fast closing north. Alas, the delay of only a fortnight was all too long, and the schooner was last reported frozen into a harbor close to Cape Bauld, at the extreme north end of Newfoundland, unable to reach her destination this winter owing to ice. It seems the more unfortunate for she not only carried supplies, but all the household necessities for the new nurses' home. The nurse had herself gone earlier and was lodging in a fisherman's cottage, where she was nursing a poor fellow with a paralytic stroke. This new addition to our work is the outcome of a strange combination of circumstances. A young federal, invalided in the year of the battle of Gettysburg, got stranded on this section of Labrador, while in pursuit of health, and but for the gratuitous hospitality of the settlers would have fared badly. He had offered some time ago to help that section, when we could suggest a rational method of doing so, so that all these years after he might have the satisfaction of discharging the debt. At first we were unable to help him. It so happened that later two nurses of Johns Hopkins Hospital, volunteered to do a summer's district nursing for us, with the result that the people in both districts unanimously petitioned that the service might be made permanent. The offer of a week's work a year from each family as a contribution toward up-keep in lieu of money—for, like Peter and John of old, they had none—was accepted because it came in the above section. We provided material and the people the work. The result is a nice little house; but, alas, empty, the last communication from the nurse being that she had abandoned the hope of the supplies, though they had no news of the vessel, and that she also abandoned a bed on the floor for a wooden truck built up in her bedroom. Cooking utensils were her most important need for the lard cans which she was substituting for saucepans have no promise of permanency. Luxuries she could not expect, but she was glad to report sufficient essentials to avoid any danger of starvation. These were contributions from her neighbors, on whom I fear they will be no little tax, even if they afford them the joy of service, for living with the nurse for training purposes are two girls and a boy—all being crippled. The boy an Eskimo having lost nearly all his ribs on one side consequent on neglected empyeme, and one girl, a half-breed, having lost both legs below the knees; the result of gangrene from frost-bite when a child, and then an amputation with her father's axe. Yet the nurse writes cheerily of her little family, as well as of her larger one, and looks forward with much pleasure to the experiences of the next seven months, until we can revisit her, we can now only wish her 'A Happy New Year.' Perhaps, a more really serious trouble will be that a large hired schooner the 'Britannia' with the winter stock for a Labrador co-operative store has met an exactly similar fate. The crew have had to walk ashore and work their way to their southern homes, leaving the vessel frozen into heavy ice. What the outcome of this will be, it is impossible to say. Two other schooners are yet unreported. One carrying a co-operative cargo of potatoes for three stores must spell monetary loss, for the temperature has been below zero even in the harbors, and that desirable vegetable suffers greatly from frost bite.

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' $2.00; A Friend, R. B. G., New Glasgow, $1.00; A. B., $2.50; Helen and Douglas Smith, Toronto, $1.00; Wood Bay Mutual Improvement Society, Man., $10.00; 'No Name,' $5.00; Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools, B.C., $5.25; Mrs. Geddes, Grimsby, Ont., and the Misses Ferguson, Cayuga, Ont., $3.50; Total.. .. ..$ 30.25

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,758.92

Total on hand Feb. 23.. .. .. ..$ 1,804.67

The amounts jointly credited to Langley and Skea Sabbath Schools were contributed by these schools as follows:—

Langley Sabbath School.. .. ..$10.00
Skea Sabbath School.. .. .. 5.25

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1909.

Review.

Read Acts I—IX.

Golden Text.

And they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word. Acts viii., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 15.—Acts i., 1-14.
Tuesday, March 16.—Acts ii., 1-21.
Wednesday, March 17.—Acts ii., 22-47.
Thursday, March 18.—Acts iv., 1-22.
Friday, March 19.—Acts v., 17-33.
Saturday, March 20.—Acts viii 4-25.
Sunday, March 21.—Acts viii., 26-40.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do any of you remember what happened at Christmas? Ah, you all do, because Christmas and New Year's Day were not so very long ago. Well, we are to take up to-day for review the lessons that we have studied on every Sunday between New Year's Day and to-day, that makes eleven lessons to review. Do you know what 'review' means? You have reviews in school you say, so, of course, you understand. Are there any other kinds of reviews than the kind you have in school? Who knows what a military review is like? That's when the soldiers of certain regiments are called out to be inspected by a great general who watches them while they drill and march to see how well they do it. They don't know what they may be ordered to do, but they just have to be ready to do anything they have been taught to. Can we review our lessons as a general reviews his soldiers? Not quite, but, I tell you what we can do, and that is, we can review over our minds something like the way a general reviews his soldiers. You have all learnt these eleven lessons, haven't you? Now just make believe that I am your commanding officer and that we are going to have a review, but each one of you is to be the inspector of his own mind just to see how much you remember. First of all we'll have a sort of private rehearsal and go over all the lessons in their proper order, then we'll have the big review and I will expect you to answer any question I ask just as a commanding officer would expect his soldiers to if he wanted to show how well they could do.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The motive of the study in this review is found in the golden text. At the very beginning there comes the commission from the Master; then we study the starting place with the Christians still nominally in the Jewish religion and content to stay in Jerusalem; next we have the equipment, in the stirring memory of Christ's life, death, and resurrection, and in the gift of the Holy Spirit; following this come studies of the first recruits, the early joys, the first difficulties from without, the first troubles from within, the first organisation in church matters, the first martyr and the first great missionary enterprise. It is a study of beginnings. This story of the first ten years, or thereabouts, of the church show that God had by no means given His people a fixed and definite plan of procedure. 'As thy day so shall thy strength be' however He had promised and as every difficulty arose, He taught His people how to meet and conquer it. Much of the way in which the early church was led was incomprehensible to it. The bitter persecution must have sorely tried the faith of some, yet it was the only door by which God could effectually lead the church out into the larger field of work. The success of the Gospel in Samaria seems to have been a surprise to the apostles. The first step in church organisation was not taken according to any plan of divine revelation, but was a commonsense and practical way out of a difficulty. It was recognized that there were spiritual and temporal needs in the church, and that the number of adherents was now so great that the apostles could not adequately attend to both. They suggested a solution of the difficulty to the church and the church took the selection of suitable men to fill the need into its own hands. The detailed and particular rules that were given for the guidance of the Jewish worshippers by Moses were not necessary in the Christian church, for God's Holy Spirit was now abiding in His people, an ever present light in all dark places. The individual responsibility felt by the members of the early church is in great contrast to the present day. All, at that time, were preachers of the word but the modern Christian leaves that to the minister towards whose salary he contributes, and considers his duty done. But can we really shift our responsibility by the payment of a small sum of money? Does that not savour of the crime of Simon Magus? To assist in the support of your pastor is a Christian duty, but to consider that a bill of release from service as regards yourself is a sin far too often committed.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 21.—Topic—A great light on the Damascus road. Acts ix., 1-7.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 15.—Hindrances in the way. Luke xiv., 25-35.

Tuesday, March 16.—The Christ door. John x., 7-16.

Wednesday, March 17.—The door of faith. Eph. ii., 18-22.

Thursday, March 18.—An open door. Rev. iii., 7-11.

Friday, March 19.—The door of love. 1. John iii., 14-19.

Saturday, March 20.—The need of perseverance. Luke ix., 57-62.

Sunday, March 21.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. III. The Wicket Gate. Matt. vii., 7-14.

The Superintendent.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school ought to know something about the business, and as he learns a little day by day he ought to do something.

We learn this work precisely as we learn other things: by study, work and practice.

There are so many opportunities these days for the Sunday-school superintendent to learn something. Never was the world so rich in good Sunday-school literature.

Other things being equal, that merchant will be most successful who keeps the freshest goods, the cleanest store, the politest clerks, and the correctest books, and especially keeps in touch with the latest styles and prices. To do this he has to study the market carefully every day.

The lawyer who hasn't the latest code and decisions in his library will go without clients. The physician who does not keep up with the wonderful progress in medical science will soon be without patients.

There is a business side to running a Sunday-school just as there is to running a church, and the superintendent must learn his business—and he will find that it is a very large business, too; that it will require about as much hard study and work as any other business he could go into.

No business can prosper without a set of well-kept books. It is equally true with the Sunday-school. The superintendent should open account with every member of his school, and he should be able to tell at any time just how each account stands. A Sunday-school without a thorough system of book-keeping is in a state of chaos.

Don't you see if this is done what a magnificent foundation you have for other work? As you take your book from your pocket on Monday or Tuesday night, and begin carefully to study the record of the members contained therein, what a volume of work looms up before you! Here are one, two, half a dozen, maybe twenty-five, members who need 'looking after.' Which is the best way? Some need a gentle reminder in the shape of a postal card; others may need a longer letter; a personal visit may be required for others who may be either sick or well.

If your heart should not be in the work as it ought, try keeping this book awhile and see if it doesn't soon enlist your heart. I know of nothing which will so effectively interest one in anything as to study what it is doing and what it ought to be doing to do successful work.—Selected.

Religious News.

The railroad companies of Canada are co-operating with the committee in charge of the National Missionary Congress to be held in Toronto, March 31st to April 4th, and have granted a rate of a single fare for the round trip. On account of the annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, a large number of ladies will take advantage of the special rates. An extension of time will be allowed by the western roads, so that delegates from a long distance may remain east until the last of April. It is expected that about 3,000 persons will be in attendance at the two meetings.

Delegates are already registering for the Canadian National Missionary Congress to be held in Toronto, March 31st to April 4th. More than 500 clergymen are registered as Honorary Commissioners, and 50 of the most prominent men from the United States are coming as visitors. The Executive Committee of Montreal expect to send a delegation of at least 100 men. Hamilton, Ontario, will send 80, and a special committee is at work in Halifax to secure a delegation from that city. The allotment of commissioners as assigned, gives 500 to Toronto, and the Toronto men feel that this is not nearly enough.

In connection with the Canadian National Missionary Congress, it is interesting to note, that for the year 1908, the contribution of churches in the United States and Canada to home and foreign missions increased about $600,000, notwithstanding the financial depression in both countries, and it is conceded on all sides that this increase is due to the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The Baptist Churches of Toronto in an effort to raise their share at what Toronto churches are aiming at, succeeded in raising ten percent more than the total amount asked for, and secured $55,000, instead of $50,000.

Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, is coming to Canada to attend the National Missionary Congress, March 31st to April 4th, upon the invitation of the Canadian Council, ably seconded by Mr. John R. Mott, who is in England doing special work in connecton with the colleges. Sir Andrew was Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of India last year, and is one of the most zealous workers in that country. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. H. Oldham of Edinburgh, is the Secretary of the Committee in charge of the World's Conference of Missions to be held in Edinburgh, June, 1910.

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

.. ..

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This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also districts mentioned in list on page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Just short of a dozen new members this week; there are eleven. If new members were to come in every week at that rate, we should have nearly six hundred more at the end of one year. We are very glad so many of our correspondents are joining.

The new members are: Charles Dawley, C., Man.; Harold McLean, V., B.C.; Georgie M. Brown, and Mabel C. Brown, M. S., N.S.; Marjorie Bentley, S. F., N.S.; Wesley Ford, L., Ont.; Beatrice M. Boyer, A., B.C.; Laura Murrell, C. H., Ont.; and Muriel Eggleton, Christina Irrig, and Irma Fleischer, H., Ont.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am an English girl and I have been here in Canada two years next April. We had a very pleasant trip across the ocean. I was very sea sick, but for all that I enjoyed the trip very much. We were met at our destination by our uncle whom I had never seen before. We lived on his farm for a while and then we moved into another house, as my father got work in the grist mills and the farm was too far away from his work to walk after a hard day's work. I have three sisters and two brothers. They are all younger than myself. I am working out and I have been in my situation nine months. I like Ontario very much, although the ways and customs are quite different to those of England. I left school when I was fourteen, and I reached the highest standard in the schools. My teacher was very good and kind and she corresponds with me yet. I wrote to her before Christmas, but I have not received any answer yet.

T. E. S.

S. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm which the K. & P. railway crosses. Our house is not over twenty-five yards from the track. My father is the agent. We have twenty-two head of cattle and two horses which I attend to. I am in the Fourth Reader, but I have not been to school since the summer holidays.

ALICE WOOD.

Lighthouse, Random H'd.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old, I live in a lighthouse and it is often windy and stormy here, but it is nice in the summer, because it is never too hot. I have two brothers and two sisters. I never went to school, but my oldest sister, Sadie, teaches Rosa and me. Rosa is my little sister, she is six years old, and is my only little playmate. We hung up our stockings Christmas, and Santa Claus did not forget us; our stockings were well filled, and some things hung on the outside. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness, and will try to keep the pledge, but I think it is hard to keep it always. I am sending a Bible puzzle, one that mother knew when she was a little girl:

In the water, in the air,
And in the busy brain,
Busy once, but never more,
To love or hate again,
One of five all like itself,
In deadly deeds united,
But yet delivering those in whom,
The Lord of hosts delighted.

I am writing this myself, I hope it will be good enough to print, as I never had a letter in a paper.

FRANKIE S. C.

[Very good, Frankie. It shows that Miss Sadie is a good teacher and has an attentive scholar. Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Nasturtium.' Jean Dick (age 9), P. S., Ont.
2. 'My Kitty.' May Lang (age 8), A., Que.
3. 'Parrot.' Dwight Nash (age 8), A., Ont.
4. 'Club Crests and Cricket Materials.' W. Eric McBain (age 12), A., Ont.
5. 'Ostrich.' Karl E. Nowlan (age 6), H., N.S.
6. 'The Union Jack.' Roy Boudreau (age 9), Quebec.
7. 'A Good Time.' Ralph Burford (age 10), H., Ont.
8. 'Argentine Republic Flag.' Jack Boudreau (age 6), Quebec.
9. 'House.' Ida Clarkson (age 6), W., Ont.
10. 'Bicycle.' Calvin Messer (age 9), C., N.B.
11. 'The Racer.' Sydney Baker (age 8), Toronto.
12. 'A Church.' Aubrey Lusty (age 13), W. A., N.S.
13. 'House.' Nettie Heideman (age 9), S., Ont.
14. 'A Flower.' Minalda Oswald, C., Ont.
15. 'The Emma.' Charles Ernest Mills, P. H., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

Helen Moffit, C., N.B., asks 'How many shoes do a well shod horse require?'

S. H. Beckstead, E., Ont., who cannot go to school on account of having the whooping cough, sends three riddles: 1. When is a trunk like two letters of the alphabet? 2. What can you add to nine to make it six? 3. When is a horse likely to catch cold?

Yimma McGregor, W. G., Man., says 'My brother and I drive a little white pony to school.' Is he like Mary's lamb when he gets there, Yimma?

Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P.E.I., says 'We are having a severe hailstorm here to-night.' We enjoyed your letter, Lela, and are glad you have such nice correspondents, but we have to keep to our rule, you know.

Margaret Campbell, F., Ont., answers Eva L. Howie's riddle (Feb. 12)—My father. The other answer you send, Margaret, has since been published.

Muriel Le Blois, M. U., Ont., asks 'Why is a caterpillar like a woman churning?'

Clarence F. Taylor, W., N.S., says 'My brother and I have two traps set for mink, and we are going to set three more.'

Samuel Marshall, B. Ont., is 'a little boy from England. I like Canada very well, but it is very cold in winter.'

Verna E. Ferguson, G., Sask., says 'We have good fun playing on the snow drifts.'

Mabel C. Brown, and Georgie M. Brown, M. S., N.S., both write letters. Mabel says 'Father is a farmer and he raises lots of apples.'

Harold W. McLean, V., B.C., lives near the sea shore 'and I always have a good time in the summer playing there. A few miles away there are mountains which now look very grand covered with snow.'

Bertha Carson, B., P.E.I., thinks 'there are some fine drawings in the 'Messenger,' and that Canada has some fine young artists.' Bertha answers Goldie Talbot's riddle (Feb. 19)—Greece. Maie Carson says 'We live near the river and have fine times skating, which we enjoy very much.'

Mary L. Dickson, S., Ont., lives 'about five miles from the oldest Methodist Church in Canada, which is situated on Hay Bay shore.'

Helen W. Mason, F. R., N.S., lives on a farm. 'I like farm life very much. My brother shot about a dozen partridges last autumn.' We have another correspondent from F. R., Bernice Sproul, who writes for the first time. Neither Bernice nor Helen go to school in winter.

Mamie Widbur, and her little sister Gertie, write from E., Maine. Mamie says 'My father owns a wood yard and he is busy all the time.'

Marjorie Bentley, S. F., N.S., says 'I like to read about 'The Work in Labrador' because I know it needs the help it is getting, for I lived three years in Labrador.'

Freda M. R. Morash, L. S., N.S., is also 'deeply interested in the letters from Labrador.'

Matthew Duxbury, M., Ont., says 'When I wrote before I lived on a farm, but now I live in town. I got the knife and I am pleased with it.' Matthew is one of our successful news agents. He sends in the answer to Goldie Talbot's riddle, given above.

We are glad to hear from our new correspondent, Myrtle Stewart, H., Ont., and also to receive little letters from Jessie M. Burton, N. E. M., N.S.; Gladys Mollins, R. G., N.B.; A. E. Blois, M. U., Ont.; Anna Hilchey, S. H., N.S.; Sydney Baker, Toronto; Belle Marshall, C. C., N.S.; Alice F. Woodworth, and May L. Woodworth, B., N.S.; James P. Suplin, N. A., P.E.I.; A. G. McDougall, H., Ont.; W. Ford, L., Ont., and Anna Maynard, U. S., N.S.

BOYS! YOUR CHANCE

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N.B.—Read advts. elsewhere in this issue about it.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Point of View.

A sermon which I lately heard,
A fable, which to me was new,
Rehearsed, which happily referred
To points of view.

Two water-pails, the fable told,
Together to the well oft went,
Returning, full as they could hold,
Whence they were sent.

One day, despondently, one sighed,
'I am becoming tired of this.'
The other, wonderingly, replied,
'Why, what's amiss?'

Then said the first, 'Do you not see,
Though empty at the well we fill,
Our fulness is outpoured, and we
Are empty still?'

The other answered, 'Say you so?
I like to think, when I feel dull,
That while we always empty go,
We come back full.' T. H.

—Selected.

Myra's Pebble.

(Hilda Richmond, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'Isn't it curious?' said Myra, as she tossed a pebble into the tiny pond and watched the waves one after the other circle to the shores. 'I suppose even in a large body of water the motion goes on and on, just like in this little pool, till it reaches the solid land, if a stone is dropped into the smooth surface.'

'Certainly,' said her cousin, who was a young theological student. 'I often think of the widening circles when I look at the influence going out from a good deed. You simply can not set the waves of love and sympathy and help in motion without reaching the farthest shores. Of course our limited sight soon loses the gentle lapping of the waves as they flow on through time, but we know they are still in motion.'

'Now, Cousin Guy, do you mean to tell me that every act of our lives in which we actually help some one is as far reaching in its influence as the waves stirred by the pebble? I think ministers are in the habit of saying things that sound beautifully to the ears, but which in actual practice will not hold good. Not that they mean to mislead,' she hastened to say, 'but they think because a thing should be true, it is. I have seen poor people very ungrateful for favors, and really impertinent to those who were trying to do them good. I have a great notion to try to prove to you that you are wrong.'

'If you can prove it I'll give it up,' said the young man, 'but I am not afraid that my belief will be shaken. How do you intend to go about this hopeless undertaking?'

'I haven't considered that part of it,' said Myra, 'but I know it can be done. I'll give you fair warning and shall expect unconditional surrender if I am right.'

'Very well, but you will surrender in the same manner if you fail, I suppose?'

'Yes, if—but I shall not fail,' and the two continued their walk.

'I want you to be sure to be at home this afternoon, Cousin Guy,' said Myra a week later. 'I feel sorry that your high ideals are to be shattered, but you agreed to the test, you remember. I am to have a crippled girl here to spend the afternoon and stay to tea, and I want you to meet her. She has lived in this part of the town only about six months, and she sews for Mrs. Clinton, who tells me she is one of the hardest persons to get along with you ever met, but she employs her out of charity more than anything else, to do plain sewing. She ought to be thankful for the work, because she has an old mother to support, but poor people are more independent than rich ones. The carriage will bring her at one, so you can try your hand some time during the afternoon to see what will happen.'

'I had to bring my work this afternoon for Mrs. Clinton was in a hurry for it,' explained the crippled girl almost before her wraps were off, and Myra shot a triumphant glance at her cousin that said as plain as words, 'I told you so. She is complaining already.'

'Sit here by the fire,' said Guy Stannard, wheeling forward an arm chair. 'These autumn days are chilly.'

'I'll help you,' said Myra, bringing out her basket, but when she saw the dainty stitches her face fell. 'I don't believe I'd better undertake to do anything,' she faltered. 'You do such elegant work that Mrs. Clinton would know some amateur had had a hand instantly.'

'My work is very plain,' said the visitor. 'Mother and I came to town from the country, and we know no one but Mrs. Clinton and a few of the church people. I was so glad to get work for the five dollars a week keeps us very nicely.'

'Is that all you get?' asked Myra in surprise. 'I thought girls who sew got better wages.'

'Some do, I suppose, but I am slow and careless. Mrs. Clinton says some time when I can work faster she may be able to pay me more. She has the trouble of sending the work to me and coming for it, for neither of us could carry the big bundles. I make button holes and whip lace on ruffles, and finish waists and such things that can be done by hand. We have no machine, for I could not run one.'

'Those things sound very difficult,' said Myra. 'I am going to tell Mrs. Clinton she ought to pay you more wages, for you have done almost fifty cents' worth of work on that elaborate party waist this afternoon. She is our dressmaker, and we have known her for years, so it will be all right.'

'Please don't,' said the crippled girl in alarm. 'She only gives me work now because she is sorry for me, and if we should lose the money I don't know how we would live.'

'Don't worry about that for a minute,' said Myra, warmly. 'I know lots of people who would be glad to give you work and pay well for it. That woman has been cheating you all this time. I only wish I had known about you before this.'

'Do you really think so?' asked the lame girl. 'I try so hard to please her, but she is always finding fault. I am afraid it will be too much trouble for you to find work for me.'

'Not a bit of it,' said Myra with energy. 'I've been a lazy, selfish girl, or I would have looked you up long ago. Mamma,' she said, as Mrs. Stannard came into the room, 'weren't you wishing for some one to do some hand work on Helen's dress the other day? I am sure Miss Nelson can do just what you want. And what do you think, mamma? Mrs. Clinton only pays her five dollars a week for work like she is doing now.'

Guy had slipped out of the room long before, and did not see his cousin till supper time. She led Amy Nelson out with glowing cheeks, but the glow was caused by enthusiasm rather than the thought that the young man had triumphed. She had just come in from a short walk in the crisp air, and was able to tell the crippled girl that three mothers would be glad to have help with plain sewing.

'Well, how about the pebble?' whispered Guy at the first opportunity. 'Are you convinced?'

'More than convinced,' said Myra happily. 'Amy is overwhelmed with the thought that her work is really good, but she will get over that. I'll never, never believe just one side of any story henceforth and forever. Why didn't you tell me long ago how delightful it is to help others?'

'I did, but you would not believe me. You remember you set out to-day to prove that I was wrong?'

'I give up,' said Myra. 'I am looking in my mind now for another pebble to throw.'

'A Mighty Rich Man.'

(By John Gilmer Speed.)

Once in New England I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, 'Is he a man of means?'

'Well, sir,' the old farmer replied, 'he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich.'

'He has a deal of land, then?' I asked.

'No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich.'

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then exclaimed:

'You see, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he don't owe nothing and he ain't afraid of nobody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in town looks up to and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man because he's got all he needs and all he wants.'

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants, he is certainly rich; and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor. Now, the poor man's possessions—defining riches and poverty in this way—may be double those of the rich man. I have an illustration in point. I know a man who lives with his family in a country village. His income is, without doubt, larger than that of any man in the township, and still he is in all probability more harassed by want of money than any man in the neighborhood. He requires so many things that he always spends something more than he makes, and, therefore, he is always in debt, always importuned by his creditors. Now, according to the idea of the old New England farmer, my friend is really poorer than the artisans and gardeners and laborers who work for him. And I know that this gentleman counts himself among the poorest of the poor.—Selected.

Real Fairies Good and Bad.

Every boy and girl knows that all around us, in earth, air and water, in everything we touch, taste or handle, are billions and trillions of invisible friends and foes which we call bacteria. We are more likely to think of them as foes than as friends, and are sometimes inclined to envy our grandparents, who knew nothing about them and didn't have to worry about them; but, of course, no sensible little man or little woman does anything so foolish as that. If we must have enemies lurking around waiting for a chance to stab us in the back, it is better to know that they are there than not to know it, and, besides, most of the bacteria are our friends, and we couldn't get on at all without them. In that fairyland which is all around us, but which we cannot see or hear, there are good fairies and there are bad fairies, but there are many more of the good than of the bad; and some day, when we are much wiser than we are now, we shall learn to drive away all the bad fairies, and teach the good ones to be much more useful to us than they are now.

It is only a very short time since we have known anything about these fairies, because they are so very small. Fifteen hundred of one kind put end to end would hardly reach across the head of a pin. But, small as they are, there are ever so many kinds or species of them, and each species has its own manners and customs, so that it cannot be mistaken for any other. Some species are mortal enemies and will kill each other almost on sight. Others are such friends that if they are separated one of them always dies. In liquids, where they are able to move, they are very active. They swim about with the help of little hairlike projections and perform the most complicated athletic stunts. From this we would naturally suppose that they were animals, but the scientists have decided, after much discussion, that they are plants, which is a very comforting thought. If we must have diphtheria it is pleasanter to think that plants are growing in our throats than that animals are making themselves at home there.

Bacteria, or 'germs,' as we usually call them, are shaped like little balls or ovoids (egg-shaped forms), or like rods or spirals. They are terribly hard to kill; some of them can live for a long time in blocks of ice, and it takes hard boiling to kill others; and they multiply so rapidly that a single one, if it were not interfered with by enemies and had plenty of food and the right temperature, could fill up the space now occupied by all the oceans in less than a week. It is no wonder, then, that they make a terrible up-

set when they start to grow in our bodies. But we don't need to worry much about them if we are well. They don't like healthy bodies, and all of us have in our blood a standing army, which, so long as it is kept in fighting trim, makes things very lively for any bacteria that try to do us harm. These soldiers are the white corpuscles. When any disease-producing bacteria enter the blood these corpuscles set upon them and try to eat them up, or else surround them so closely that they cannot eat or breathe. But if the soldiers are not feeling well the invaders grow and multiply, and in so doing give off a poison that kills the defenders. The moral of this story is that we ought always to keep our standing army ready for duty.

But, after all, the number of bacteria that like to live in the bodies of animals is very small. Most of them prefer a different kind of soil. Their office in nature is to tear to pieces dead organic matter, by which we mean the bodies of plants and animals, and return the materials to the earth, so that it can be used again for new plants and animals. If it were not for this arrangement the material would soon be used up and life would come to an end. When the leaves of the forest decay and turn to earth again it is because the bacteria have torn them to pieces. When fish or flesh or fruit or vegetables decay it is for the same reason, and it is not the fault of the bacteria that they sometimes produce some very bad smelling gases when they are at work. Nature intended them to do most of this work underground, where the gases wouldn't bother anybody, and we human creatures, who think we are so wise, ought to have sense enough to give our friends, the good fairies of the invisible world, proper places to work in.

The Other Side.

Perhaps the weather had something to do with it; doubtless physical exhaustion, although Christine did not recognize it as such, had more. All that she knew was that it was that it was one of those days when all one's spiritual defenses seem to collapse suddenly.

The fact was Christine was homesick, body and soul, for the big, shabby, cheerful house and all the happy, noisy brood it held; for the scent of spring apples in the orchard and the sound of little insect voices down in its long grass; for the old street, dappled with sunlight and shadow, and the faces of neighbors whom she had known all her life; even for old Miss Bartlett's disreputable cat Josephus.

Nellie Jacobs, next her in the cashier's cage, looked at her with amused eyes.

'You're in a blue funk, all right,' she declared.

'I am,' Christine replied, gravely.

'Hard up?' Nellie asked, curiously.

Christine turned upon her fiercely. '"Hard up!"' she retorted, scornfully. 'As if I fuss about that! I'm dead homesick, that's all. I loathe everything here—the crowds and the boarding-house and this cage—everything. And I've got to stay for four years.'

'Why?' Nellie asked. Reserve was an unknown quantity to Nellie.

'To help Jack through college,' Christine replied through set teeth, 'that's why. You needn't think he wants it so,' she added quickly. 'He hates it, and is working himself half to death; but he had to go—it would have been wicked not to, with his ability. And he's going to help Phil and Dora; they're all students.' Christine had forgotten her blues for the moment. When Nellie spoke again she was startled at the change in her voice.

'How many of you are there?' Nellie asked.

'Eight,' Christine answered, her face softening.

Nellie turned about upon her passionately. 'Eight—like "that"! I have a father and a brother, and they both drink, and don't care a straw whether I am dead or alive. And you're whining because you're homesick. Did you ever think of the people who would give their lives almost to have somebody to be homesick "for"?'

Three carriers came sliding up. The girls made change rapidly. Down below in the great store the crowds eddied about the bargain-tables. But Christine's 'blue funk' at her own trifling woes had disappeared. She was almost awe-stricken by the tragedy of her companion's life.—'Youth's Companion.'

Animals of the Bible.

The Lion ('Felis leo').

(The Rev. Theodore Johnson, in 'Sunday Reading.')

Look at this noble lion as he stands erect and watchful waiting for his prey. Is he not rightly called the 'King of the Forest?' All other animals appear to be of little importance before him. His roar resembles the rolling of distant thunder. Fearless and stately, he reigns over all the animals as their king and chief. By his side is lying his handsome mate. Her broad chest and strongly built body prove how great and powerful she is when attacking an enemy. Both seem to

THE LION AND LIONESS.

be on the alert for the approach of either man or beast, while the brave husband stands ready to defend his partner, the lioness, from the coming foe.

The lion is found in both Asia and Africa, although there is a considerable difference between the two species. It is seldom met with in Palestine, but in the neighboring districts it is well known. It is mentioned in nearly every book of the Bible under several different names, which describe its habits, appearance, age, and strength.

A full grown lion measures from ten to twelve feet from the nose to the tail; the lioness is considerably smaller, and she does not possess the beautiful shaggy mane of rich brown hair which adorns the neck, shoulders, and breast of the male animal. The tail of the lion is tufted, and when the animal is angry it lashes it with great force. The head is well marked, and the face may be described as majestic and self-composed.

One blow from its uplifted paw is sufficient to break the back of a cow or large deer. It generally prowls about during the night and sleeps in its lair throughout the day. Towards evening it selects some spot near a river where it can lie in concealment for its prey, which it generally takes by a mighty spring of from fifteen to thirty feet, while it gives forth a tremendous roar of triumph.

Nothing can be more dreadful to see than an angry lion, and yet this noble animal may be easily tamed. Stories have been often told of its affection and submissive attachment to men who may have befriended it in a time of trouble. You may remember the poor slave Androclus who pulled the thorn out of a lion's foot and was afterwards delivered to be slain to the same animal, when, instead of devouring him, the generous and affectionate beast fawned upon him as a playful kitten: thus showing his gratitude for the kind act of Androclus in the past.

The Bible tells us many things of the lion. It was the symbol of strength and power among Eastern kings. Solomon's great throne of ivory was supported by fourteen lions (I. Kings, x., 19, 20), and this symbol was used in the architecture of the Temple and his palaces. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the lion as the god of strength. Jacob when blessing his son Judah compared him to a lion, so this became the sign of his kingly tribe hereafter. St. Mark the Evangelist is represented as a winged lion, and our Blessed Lord was named 'the Lion of Judah' (Rev. v., 5) because He prevailed to open the Book of Life. Again, the lion is often used in Scripture to represent the power of Satan, whom St. Peter describes as 'a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour' (I. Pet. v., 8).

David while a shepherd boy slew a lion and a bear that came to carry off his flock (I. Sam. xvii., 3, 4.) The disobedient prophet was slain by a lion in the way, and we read in II. Kings, xvii., 25, about whole towns being attacked by lions sent by the Lord to devour the wicked persons who dwelt in them. Samson slew a lion on his journey to Timnath, and Daniel was cast into a den of lions because he would not obey the wicked order of the counsellors of King Darius and give

up saying his prayers to God (Dan. vi., 7.) And, lastly, the Psalmist declares God's care for all His creatures in Psalm civ., where he says, 'The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.'

Would You Like to Say it When You Want Butter.

Some boys and girls think that French and German are difficult languages to learn, but how would they like to have to translate the Bible into Lengua, a South American language where 'Sohog-emek-waktkla_mokem_inik antanthlama' is the word for 'eighteen!' Literally translated, it is: 'Finish my hands, pass to my other foot—three,' for fingers and toes act as units. Another interesting word in this language is 'Waitkyanamankuk-ingminik_ikpithmuk,' which means 'butter.' Literally, it is: 'The grease of the juice of the udder of the cow.'—'Bible Society Gleanings.'

A Generous Horse.

The following incident, given by a writer in the 'St. Louis Republic,' indicates that it is possible for a horse to be 'a perfect gentleman.' Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched near the entrance to the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired.

The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

He was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the action of the other horse, which was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner.

The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely, and replied with a neigh, which must have been, in horse language, an invitation to the other fellow to help himself.

Evidently he accepted it, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as the hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The host noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose until his guest was able to reach it. Then after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.

What a Daughter Can Do.

There is so much that a daughter can do for her mother that it is hard to know where to begin.

Suppose we start with how she can help with the housework and care of the younger children.

For years the mother has had the entire charge of both, and it is time she was relieved.

Patiently and uncomplainingly she has drudged along with no thought but for her children's welfare and comfort.

It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing for you.

Now you have a chance to reverse things.

Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you.

Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands.

Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get the breakfast.

Send her out to enjoy herself while you look after the children.

Of course you cannot do this every day, but you can do your share of it.

If you are a business woman you cannot do much of this sort of thing, but there are many little pleasures you can give her.

Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do.

Confide in her and tell your hopes and ambitions. She is better than all the girl friends in the world, and will never tell your secrets.

The trouble about mothers is that we get so used to them that we don't half appreciate them until we lose them.

Then quickly enough we realize what all that divine care and tenderness meant.

Girls, before it's too late, make the most of your mothers.

No matter how much you do you can't begin to return all they have done for you, but do the best you can.

A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

As for the girls who talk and act disrespectfully toward their mothers, for them no criticism is too harsh.

If they only knew what outsiders think of it I think they would stop it.

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is impertinent to her mother.

Begin to-day, girls, and save your mothers all the worries you can; show them all the consideration you can, and give them all the love you can.—Selected.

If I Were a Boy Again.

In some papers of the late Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, was found a memorandum which read like this—

'If I were a boy again, I would read every book I could reach. I would strive to find out from good books how good men lived.

'If I were a boy again, I would cultivate new patience with the faults of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

'If I were a boy again, I would more and more cultivate the company of those older, whose graces of person and mind would help me on in my own work. I would seek good company.

'If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. The Bible is necessary for every boy.

'If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Saviour persistently that I might become more and more like unto Him.'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers when sending in their renewals should take advantage of the clubbing offers, including the 'Canadian Pictorial,' announced elsewhere in this issue.

The First Birthday.

(By Nora Chesson, in 'Father Tuck's Annual.')

It's Boy's first birthday, Girlie's first—
To kiss them all their world's athirst,
And everyone due homage pays,
Upon this golden day of days.

Dressed in the pink of party frocks,
With bows to tie back curly locks,
And toys enough a shop to take,
And candles on a birthday cake—

That's what a birthday can but mean
To nursery King or nursery Queen;
But what it means to you and me
Is easier guessed than said, you see.

—'Little Folks.'

'DO YOU THINK THEY WILL LET HIM PUT SALT ON THEIR TAILS?'

How Sport Saved the Kittens.

On a large farm there was an old cat with five little kittens. One of the kittens was gray like its mother; another was black, with one white paw; a third was black all over, while the other two looked just alike.

The mother cat told her kittens to be kind and polite to every one, and to be very kind to dogs, and each night before going to sleep she made them repeat these words, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite, but little kittens never.'

One day a big dog named Sport came to live on the farm. Sport was full of fun, and he thought that chasing cats was great fun. Near the barn in which the cat and kittens lived, grew five large apple trees; and when Sport first saw the cat family he thought what fun it would be to frighten the mother into the haymow, and chase each one of the five kittens up a tree.

So he gave a loud bark and sprang in upon the happy brood. To his great surprise, the kittens instead of arching their backs up twice their size and hissing in an ill-bred way, all sat still and looked quietly at the stranger to see what he was going to do next. Then there was a long pause, followed by two short paws which the gray kitten put out toward the dog, as though she would like to shake hands with him if she only knew how. This so amused Sport that he tapped the kitten very gently on the back, and then the cat, dog and kittens were very soon rolling and tumbling about the barn floor in a frolic. From that moment Sport and the cat family were great friends.

Not many days after this the five kittens were playing along the bank of a small river which ran behind the barn, and spying a piece of borad which lay with one end on the ground and the other in the water, they all jumped upon it. But they were no sooner upon it than the board broke loose from the shore and started down the stream! The kittens were badly frightened and cried aloud for help, and though the old cat hurried out of the barn, she could not do anything for them. She could only rush up and down the bank, and she was afraid that all the kittens would be carried down to the milllpond and over the dam. But suddenly she heard a well-known bark, and the next moment Sport—dear old Sport—was at her side! The good dog saw what the trouble was at once, and the thought came to him that if he should bark just as loud as he could some one might come down to the river to see what was the matter, and then the kittens would be saved. So Sport began at once. How he did bark! In less than two minutes one of the men came running toward him. It was the farmer himself. He thought from the great noise Sport was making that the dog must have found a family of woodchucks, and so when he caught sight of the kittens he began to laugh.

But then he took a long pole and very carefully and slowly pulled the kittens ashore. Then he picked them up in his arms and carried them toward the barn, while the old cat and Sport walked on behind.

That night the old cat asked her kittens what or who had saved their lives that day.

'And we mustn't count you?' said two or three in one breath.

A smile lit up the face of the happy mother as her little ones said this, but she only said quietly, 'No, you needn't count me.'

'Then,' said the all-black kitten, 'it must have been the farmer.'

'Or the long pole,' said the kitten with the one white paw.

'It was Sport,' cried the little gray kitten.

'We owe a great deal to Sport,' said their mother, 'but most of all to the fact that you have always tried to be polite and kind to every one about you. Sport would never have come to save you if you had been cross, ugly kittens, and I hope you will always remember the lesson of this day. Will you?'

'I will,' said the one white-pawed black kitten. 'I will,' said the all-over-black kitten. 'We will remember,' said the two that looked just alike. 'I will re-mem-b—' began the little gray kitten, but before she could finish the sentence she was fast asleep.

—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

When Patty Was Doctor.

Patty was all alone on the back porch; that is, she was alone with her dolls—all five of them. Rebecca Jane was sitting on her lap and Patty was saying, 'Now, Rebecca Jane, you must remember that mammas know best—always, and your mamma is a very good doctor. I can see the chicken-poxes out under your skin, and I'm going to put something on 'em, so's they won't come out, and make you look bad. No; that isn't right, either; mamma gives the medicine inside so's to drive the little chickens out—that's what she told me.'

Rebecca Jane kept very still. The only thing she did was to close her eyes when her little mamma laid her down.

'There,' said Patty, 'I'll have the medicine all ready when she wakes up; but I 'spect I'd better take this arn'ky (she meant arnica) back into mamma's room.'

Just then old Carlo came up onto the porch; and everywhere he stepped he left a little spot of blood. 'Dear me!' cried Patty, 'you've hurt your foot just dreadful. Poor doggie. Let me see your paw.'

Carlo held it up, whining as if to say, 'It hurts.'

'Yes, I know it hurts,' returned Patty; 'but now you keep still while I run in and get a nice cloth; then I'll put some arn'ky on it, and it will make you well right away.'

Patty brought the cloth. Then she poured arnica on the cloth and tied it

on the sore foot—tied it as tightly as she could. 'There,' she said, 'dear doggie, you'll be well right away.'

But suddenly something very strange happened. Carlo ran off the porch, tore around and around the yard as if he were crazy. He jumped about, hopped up and down, laid down and rolled over; then up he got and ran like a wild thing, only to jump, tumble, and roll over and over again.

Patty watched him for a moment; then she began to laugh, jump up and down, and call for mamma and sister.

Mamma and sister ran to see what was the matter; and they, too, laughed—laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. 'Why!' said mamma, 'he has something white on his foot.

'Yes,' said Patty, 'I put on arn'ky 'cause his foot is bleeding.'

'Arnica?' cried mamma, 'why, dearie, arnica is making his foot smart awfully—that's what's the matter with him. Poor doggie, come here'; but by that time Carlo was tearing the rag off; then he laid down as if he were tired.

Little Patty was surprised. 'Why,' she said, 'I thought he was playing because he liked it.'—'Band of Hope.'

Her Signature.

Yes, I'm glad my name is May;
It's short and sweet, as you might say,
So I think it's just as well
It's not Cathlean or Isabell;
For if it had been, there's no telling
What might have happened to the spelling.

—Selected.

Fairy Dot.

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily could tell—stories of fairies and goblins and of little flaxen haired princesses! And how Dottie Dudley did love to hear them!

'I think, Aunt Emily,' said Dot, 'that I like best of all the story of the wish fairy. I wish I were a fairy, and that I could just grant wishes, wishes, all day long.'

And what do you suppose Aunt Emily did? Made the loveliest crown of shining gold paper, and put little blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes and a sash round her waist and a wand of glistening paper stars in her hand; and little Dottie Dudley was transformed into a sweet little hazel-eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her and sent her off to 'Fairy Dell.'

'O, dear,' said grandma, 'I wish I could find my glasses!'

And away Fairy Dot flew, upstairs and downstairs, and back came grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish came true.

'O,' said little brother John, 'I wish someone would help me put my soldiers away.'

And there on the spot
Was Fairy Dot.

Mother wished her flowers were watered, and father wished for his newspaper; Aunt Emily wished for someone to help her stir the cake and seed the raisins, and Bridget wished she knew what the clock said; Towser looked as though he wanted a drink, and the kitten begged for some milk; and there were wishes, wishes, everywhere in 'Fairy Dell.' Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there!—Bessie C. Clymer, in the 'Kindergarten Review.'

A Sudden Change.

Not very long ago, there was a little girl whose name was Annie.

She lived in the Sunny South, where the oranges and lemons grow, and the roses bloom in the winter.

It is always warm there, and Annie had never seen any snow in her life.

But one day, when she was about eight years old, her father came home

looking very pleased indeed, and he and her mother had a long talk after dinner. Next morning mother told Annie that they were all going to Canada to live.

At first she was very sad at leaving their pretty home, but when everything was packed away, and they had started on their journey, Annie could hardly sit still, it was such fun to run up and down the cars and look out of the windows.

After three days and nights on the train they arrived at their new home.

It was very pretty, but Annie had never seen anythihg like it before. Everything was white, as far as she could see,—there were no fences, and the road which should have passed the house, went down the middle of the river.

The waggons were funny, too, they had no wheels, but just slid along, and the people were walking on queer big flat things that looked like tennis rackets without handles. Annie was very cold at first, but it wasn't very long before she was walking on show-shoes and skating, too, and now her mother says that when she is all bundled up in a thick coat, and furry mittens and leggins, Annie looks like a real little Canadian girl.

H. K.

To the Little People.

(By Allison Gardner Deering, in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

Dear little people I love so well,
Wherever your place may be;
There's a beautiful secret I long to tell,
So come and listen to me.

When I was a child, in a little town,
Oh, ever so far away,
A beautiful spirit came floating down,
And whispered to me one day:

'There's a secret,' the beautiful spirit said,
'That even a child may know,
And they who know it are gladly led
Wherever their feet may go.

'So sweet and simple the secret is,
Yet people are slow to learn,
And away from the pathway that leads to bliss
Their lingering faces turn.

'So the little children must show them how
The happier way to choose,
For the hearts that are tender and loving now
Will never the lesson lose.

'And this is the wonderful secret: Live
For nothing but love each day—
Not for love to keep, but for love to give—
Forever to give away.

'There is no life upon earth so poor,
But love it may give full well,
And the joy of giving is deep and sure,
And richer than tongue can tell.

'To sweeten life as we meet and part,
We need but remember this:
To carry always a tender heart
For the tiniest thing that is.

'The wider the circle of love we make,
The happier life we live,
And the more we give for another's sake,
The more we shall have to give.

'So let us widen it day by day,
By loving a little more,
Till nothing living be shut away
From a share in the heavenly store.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Temperance

Only a Glass of Wine.

Only a glass of wine, sparkling, rosy, and bright;
Only a glass of wine, shimmering in the light;
Only a glass of wine, held in a dainty hand;
Only a smouldering fire swift to flames is fanned.
Only a glass of wine, raise it high in the air;
Scan its ruby depths, smile in the face so fair;
List while the glasses click, gaze in the tender eyes;
Watch while the glowing wine spreads his carmine dyes.
Merrily laugh and jest, quick the wine-glass drain;
How the liquid fire flies to heart and brain!
Whisper a tender word, touch her lips with thine;
But—this is not love, only a glass of wine.

Only a ruined life, only a broken heart;
Only a wound so deep 'twill never cease to smart.
Only a drunkard's grave, only a mother's tears
Tell the story now, mark the wasted years.
Only a glass of wine, 'tis but a trifling thing,
Yet in its limpid glow lurks the serpent's sting;
Only a glass of wine, only a merry hour;
Only a cup of rue, only a trampled flower.
Only the first false step, only a woman's smile;
Only the folly of youth, idle hours beguile;
Only this, no more, yet we peace resign,
When we yield to the spell of only a glass of wine.

—The 'Vanguard,' New Zealand.

Great Anti-saloon Victory in the United States Congress.

Interstate Liquor Shipment Bill Finally Passed.

The incorporation into the Penal Code of the United States on Feb. 17, of an interstate liquor shipment bill introduced by Representatives Humphreys, of Mississippi, and Miller, of Kansas, is the first piece of fundamental legislation squarely recognizing the right of the states to protection, which has been secured since the National Anti-Saloon League was organized. It was accomplished in spite of the frantic efforts of the liquor interests, and is a decisive triumph for organized temperance sentiment.

This measure is not all that is wanted nor all that the League stands for, but by (1) prohibiting C.O.D. shipments; (2) prohibiting delivery to fictitious consignees; and (3) by requiring all packages of liquor to be so marked as to show their contents, it will afford a basis for further state legislation and is regarded as a tremendous step in advance.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON,
Acting Legislative Superintendent,
Anti-Saloon League of America.

The Cigarette.

(Isabella Patterson, in the 'Pacific Ensign.')

The introduction of anaesthetics into medical and surgical practice was undoubtedly an unspeakable boon to suffering humanity. But like most great and beneficent inventions, it was not entirely devoid of evil results.

In time the soothing and quieting effects of narcotics were desired by the patient when no longer under the care of the physician and surgeon.

Our strenuous modern life makes enormous demands on the nervous system, which being overwrought, rebels, and the sufferer has recourse to the various forms of narcotics. The results are frequently disastrous in the extreme.

To the great host annually destroyed by alcohol, there is now added an immense multitude who go down to death under the spell of the sleep-giving poppy, in its various forms, and of other nerve destroyers, either mineral or vegetable.

All this is sad enough when the victims are of mature years, and should be prepared to exercise judgment in the affairs of life. But when helpless children are enticed into the ways of death, it is more than sad.

The child who becomes addicted to the use of narcotics in any form, is thereby ruined, physically, mentally, spiritually, and there is almost no salvation. Specialists tell us that of boys who become addicted to the use of cigarettes, scarcely one can be restored to a useful, healthy life.

The ordinary cigar or pipe is harmless in comparison with the average cigarette. Nicotine is a most deadly poison, and is terribly injurious to the nervous system. Cigarettes are made of low grade tobacco, which has been saturated with nicotine, arsenic, opium, and every other poison which may be necessary to give strength and flavor. No part of the body escapes the death-dealing effects of the poisonous compound. The use of the cigarette in many cases creates a desire for still stronger narcotics, especially for opium, and the poor child becomes an opium fiend, the most hopeless, wretched, and deplorable of all human wrecks.

We will not dwell at present on the spiritual nor even on the physical and mental destruction involved in these cases. Let us confine ourselves simply to a financial view of the situation; plain, hard dollars and cents.

Five dollars worth of cigarettes consumed during a year, are quite sufficient to implant the habit in a child's susceptible nervous system. The five dollars worth of cigarettes cost the dealer or manufacturer about one dollar. So a child is ruined that some one may make four dollars. Truly children are cheap in this twentieth century.

What did that child cost its parents, in cash alone?

Ignoring, for the present, all toil, care, anxiety, watchfulness, by day and night, what did that child cost in dollars and cents? What did it cost to feed, clothe, educate and care for generally, a boy of ten years of age?

What would that child have been worth to his parents and to the community had he lived to enter upon an active, energetic manhood? We are told by students of sociology that the average money value which a working man adds to the wealth of this world, over and above his own subsistence, is ten thousand dollars. All this is sacrificed that some one may make four dollars.

Suppose it were to the interest of certain parties to administer to horses a substance which would impair their health and efficiency. Would not those persons be at once arrested? Would not every man in the community demand instant and severe punishment for such offenders? Alas, it is not Black Beauty in the stable, but Johnnie in the trundle bed, for whom the trap is set. Poor little Johnnie, who grows thin and sallow, lifeless in play, stupid and indifferent in school. No one observes the change, till it is too late, too late. Johnnie acknowledges he smokes. Tears, prayers, arguments, blows even are useless. He either cannot or will not abandon the practice. Alas, that a child should be of less value than a horse!

Let us not forget that there is One who values children, who peoples His realm with the little ones. 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Who says, 'Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and all were drowned in the depths of the sea.'

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FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

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2724.—Ladies' dressing-sack.—This is a dainty little model for French flannel, messaline, albatross, plain or embroidered challis or lawn. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure.

2716.—Ladies' semi-fitting dressing-sack.—This model is particularly adaptable to Canton flannel, and should be bound with a contrasting color of silk. Pretty contrasts, are pink with white binding, light blue with dark blue binding, or white with lilac binding. Eight sizes, 32 to 46 inches, bust measure.

2740.—Ladies' and misses' 'Comet' collar and fancy stocks.—Any of these collars may be made in satin, messaline, heavy silk, linen, or in fact any material the wearer desires. Three sizes, 12½, 13½, or 14½ inches, neck measure.

2729.—Misses' and childrens' leggins, and over-gaiters.—These useful garments may be developed in velvet, velveteen, corduroy, broadcloth or Venetian cloth, either in black or colors, according to taste. Seven sizes, 4 to 16 years.

2718.—Ladies' circular bloomers, closing at left side of front.—These bloomers, which have the appearance of a very short full skirt, when worn, may be developed in serge, mohair, flannel, albatross, or khaki, trimmed with bias straps of the material and fastened with black or colored bone buttons. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Testimony From a High Authority as to the Value of Orange Meat

IN an address to the Canadian Association of the Master Bakers at their Convention, held in London, Ont., August 14th and 15th, 1906, Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, said, among other things, as follows: Various types of breakfast foods may be roughly divided into the following classes:—1st, The uncooked, such as granulated oats, etc., which require long cooking to make them palatable and aid digestion; 2nd, Partially cooked, such as rolled and flaked grains. In this process the cell walls are ruptured by the crushing, consequently, they require less time in their preparation for the table; 3rd, Cooked foods; 4th, Foods termed pre-digested, such as Orange Meat, etc.

A large number of foods have been analyzed, and some of the results are incorporated in the following table. In nearly every case the figures are the average of a number of analyses:

	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	3,968
White Bread	2,721
Entire Wheat Bread	2,486
Graham Bread	2,610

This shows the great advantage in favor of Orange Meat as a heat producer.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Pleasuring.

(Kilbourne Cowles, in the 'Advance.')

Mr. Doane looked anxiously at his wife as she bade good-by to the last guest who had paused at the door-step to admire the moonlight on the lawn. She was pale and there were deep blue circles under the lustreless brown eyes that were usually so bright.

'You must go right to bed, Elsie,' Doane said, as he closed and locked the door. 'I thought Brantwood was going to keep us standing out there all night. You look completely tired out. Does your head ache, dear?'

'Yes, some, Herbert, and I'm so tired. It seems to me I never was quite so tired in my life. I am actually sick with fatigue.' She sank into an easy-chair and closed her eyes while her husband fastened the windows and banked the fire on the hearth. She opened them again and smiled sleepily when two strong arms lifted her and she found herself being carried upstairs.

'You are so good,' she murmured.

When morning came she was still very tired and Herbert persuaded her to spend the morning in bed, something she had not done during the year of their married life. He brought her coffee and rolls and sat down beside her while she languidly ate.

'I wish you to stay in bed until you are thoroughly rested, and you are never to get so tired again. Do you understand that, young woman?' he asked with half-serious severity.

'I'll try, sir,' she replied, meekly, 'but please excuse me this time. It was such hard work getting the house in order for the party. I suppose I overdid. I never realized before how much there is to do to a new house. I've been putting on finishing touches for three weeks, each day thinking that the next day we should be settled. Of course it did hurry me a good deal to have everything ready for last night. You know I worked until half-past seven.'

'Did you enjoy the party?'

'Now, Herbert, that isn't fair of you. Aren't parties for enjoyment?'

'Yes, theoretically, but circumstances have to be favorable. When a woman who has already worked beyond her strength moving into a new house, insists upon giving a housewarming before the paint and varnish are fairly dry, and sits up night after night in advance, hemming curtains and covering sofa pillows, it doesn't strike me that she is in good condition for gaiety. For my part I couldn't enjoy the evening, for I thought every minute that you would faint from exhaustion. I am reminded of a little experience that I had two or three summers ago. One hot evening I boarded a trolley-car. There was a man near the door with a cross child in his arms. He stood in front of his wife who was wearily trying to soothe the fretting baby on her lap. A picnic basket at her feet, which I didn't notice as I entered, tripped me and sent me lurching into the man. Of course I apologized. "How happy we should be," he said, "if it were not for our pleasures." I thought the remark singularly appropriate.'

'And I don't fail to get the application, Herbert,' laughed Elsie gently.

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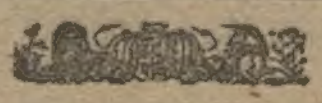

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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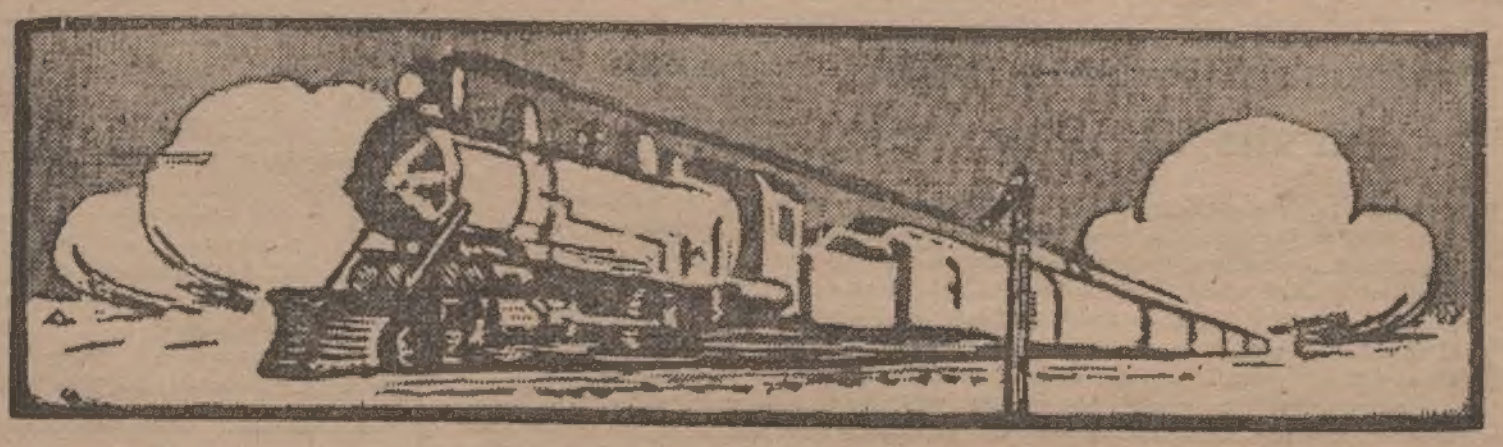

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